

Halo: The Final Battle For Earth

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Summary: The sequel of Halo 2, the game. The story picks up right where the game left off, also based off of the Halo books. Rated M for violence and some language. Note: The second chapter was written BEFORE Halo: Ghosts of Onyx came out.

1. Chapter 1

****Disclaimer: ****I don't own Halo, just this story.

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****Halo: The Final Battle For Earth****

A Halo Fanfic****

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****Time Unknown, November 2, 2552. Sol System, above planet Earth.****

The space above Earth boiled and suddenly pulled apart. The tip of an elongated ship silently pulled out of the slipspace rupture into the midst of a raging battle between the defending UNSC forces and the Covenant invaders. Plasma and floating metal littered the space where the battle raged. Plasma engulfed the UNSC ships and the Orbital 'Super' MAC guns tore apart the bulbous Covenant ships.

The Master Chief felt the familiar feeling of a slipspace-to-normal-space transition and looked up. According to his mission clock, he had fallen asleep for approximately 3 hours during

the slipspace jump. The Spartan looked around and remembered that he was in the Forerunner ship. He heard static on a COM frequency followed by a young officer's voice,

"We've got a new contact, unknown classification."

A gruff voice replied, "It isn't one of ours, take it out." The Spartan recognized the voice of Fleet Admiral Terrence Hood. He locked on to the frequency and stated,

"This is Spartan-117, can anyone hear me? Over."

Fleet Admiral Hood looked up and surprise. Flames licked at some of the control panels, and the control center of _Cairo_ Station was in disarray.

"Isolate that signal! Master Chief? You mind telling me what you're doing on that ship?"

"Sir, finishing this fight." The Spartan resolutely said. "Sir, there is a Prophet on board. I'm gonna take him out. I need you to hold your fire until I can kill him. If I'm not done in 30 minutes, send this ship to hell."

"Alright, Master Chief, but things aren't looking too good here. The Covenant sent back-up, lots of it. I don't know how long we can hold here. Good luck, Master Chief." The Admiral closed the COM channel and rubbed his eyes. The last few hours wore him out. It was a miracle that _Cairo_ Station wasn't turned into molten slag. He shut out his fatigue. There were Covenant bastards waiting to be killed. And he wasn't going to keep him waiting.

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Please read and review...or the Covenant might find Earth.

2. Chapter 2

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**Disclaimer: **I don't own Spartans killing the Covenant, just this story.

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1306 hours, November 2nd, 2552. Cairo, Egypt, Earth.

Spartan-058, Linda, lay motionless near a bunker, looking through

smart-scope of her SRS99C-S2 AM Sniper Rifle. The Spartan looked up and her HUD automatically exited the smart-scope. She popped a stim pack and quickly ate a nutritional bar. The past few hours were spent defending the _Cairo's_ fusion generators. If the Covenant took out the generators, then the powerful 'Super' MAC gun floating in space above them would be completely useless, which would open a hole for even more Covenant to get through, and glass Earth.

Linda didn't know how much longer they could hold off the Covenant invaders. So far, two other Spartans, 104-Fredric and 043-Wiliam, with a platoon of Marines had so far defended the fusion generators from two waves of Covenant. The only problem was, only a handful of the Marines were left, and things weren't looking too good. A voice broke over the Spartan's private COM channel, "New contacts, coming in fast." Linda recognized Fred's voice and quickly activated the smart-scope on her rifle.

Over a nearby sand dune, a Covenant light-reconnaissance vehicle, better known as Ghost, hovered and its golden Elite driver looked down on where the filthy human bunker stood. He looked down and saw destroyed vehicles and bodies littered the area. Both human and Covenant alike. He barked an order in his own native tongue, and drove the Ghost straight into battle. Behind him, ten more Ghosts followed, and in their wake, hundreds of troops roared with bloodlust.

The sniper specialist opened up with her sniper rifle. Linda fired a quartet of shots that echoed around the buildings. Three Ghosts were left without their riders. To her left, the remaining Marines opened fire with their turrets and cut down the advancing Ghosts. The purple vehicles sputtered plasma and melted an unlucky Marine manning a turret.

Standing nearby was Fredric, the Spartan hefted a M19 SSM 'SPNKR' rocket launcher. He sighted on one of Ghosts, locked on, and fired. He quickly locked on to another one of the vehicles and sent another rocket. Both Ghosts saw the rockets coming, turned around, but the rockets tracked the vehicles and blew them to bits.

The Spartan aimed the turret and fired on the advancing Covenant troops. Will suppressed a smile as the M41 L.A.A.G. turret mounted on the Warthog tore through the advancing Grunts and Jackals. The recoil shook through his entire body and the Spartan was forced to fire in small bursts. A Marine fired his BR55 Battle Rifle and took cover near the parked 'Hog.

The Covenant troops advanced and triggered the hidden Lotus Anti-Tank mines. Plumes of flame shot up and sent bloody gore everywhere. Nonetheless, the Covenant troops advanced, intent on taking out the generator. From behind the mass of troops a pair of Wraith tanks stopped and started using their mortars to bombard the human's defenses.

Fred cursed as he fired both his rockets at one of the Wraith tanks. It was no good, both of the tanks were too far away for the rockets to lock on, and could easily be dodged. The tanks constantly bombarded the bunker and the turrets placed there were destroyed. The Spartan keyed the COM and yelled, "Fall back! All Marines fall back!" Fred looked over to his right and saw Will, still on the Warthog, firing. Fred opened the Spartan's own private channel and said,

"Will, we need to take out those tanks. Linda, give us cover." The Spartan ran towards the 'Hog and dodged a handful of plasma shots. A nearby Marine took a few of the pink Needler rounds in his chest. The Marine cursed and the rounds exploded, opening his chest and sending his blood everywhere.

Fred hopped into the Warthog and turned the ignition key. The Spartan floored it and drove straight into the advancing Covenant forces. Grunts, Jackals, and Elites were all torn apart by the powerful turret, while the few Covenant who had to poor judgment to stand in front of the 'Hog were sucked under the tires and flattened.

A Hunter, or in fact, two Hunters stood directly in front of the human vehicle, leveled their fuel rod cannons, prepared to open fire. Fred saw the massive hulks and gunned the Warthog directly at them. The Spartan knew that he had to get through them before they fired their fuel rod cannons. Will fired a continuous burst at one of the Hunters. The alien raised his arm shield and felt the bullets dent the armor. The bullets ripped through the shield and tore into the soft orange belly of the alien. One of the 12.9x99mm rounds severed the Hunter's spine and the massive alien fell back, dead before it hit the ground. Its bond brother roared with rage and charged his deadly plasma weapon. Will saw the green blob appear and knew that it was too late. Suddenly, a shot echoed around him, and he saw the Hunter drop. The Spartan silently thanked Linda's amazing sniper skills.

Explosions detonated around the 'Hog as the Wraith tanks desperately fired their mortars at the vehicle. Fred expertly drove the Warthog and dodged the incoming plasma mortars. If the 'Hog took a direct hit, both of the Spartans would be vaporized. One of the blue plasma bolts screamed towards the 'Hog. Fred pushed down on the pedal as hard as he could and realized that the 'Hog was already at max speed. The Warthog sped directly under the blazing plasma. Even though the mortar hit a few meters behind the 'Hog, Fred felt the internal temperature of his suit rise and began to sweat. The Spartan realized that Will was even closer to the plasma explosion, but Will didn't even complain.

The Warthog was now in range of the Wraith and Will opened fire. The recoil rattled his teeth, but the Spartan kept his hands down on the trigger. The bullets ricocheted off of the thick armor of the tank, but some of the rounds found their mark. The armor-penetrating bullets tore through hatch where its Elite driver sat. The rounds splattered the alien's purple blood all over the cockpit and the Wraith hovered there, dead. The Spartan turned the turret and sighted on the other Wraith. Will opened fire. The Wraith's auto-turrets activated and plasma washed over the Warthog and its passengers. The Wraith activated its boost capabilities and lurched forward, ramming the 'Hog and flipping it over.

Fred's shields dropped as the Wraith hit the Warthog. The vehicle flipped over and both occupants jumped out. Will primed two frag grenades and threw them directly in front of the tank. The shrapnel disrupted the auto-turrets and Fred boarded the Wraith. The powerful Spartan ripped open the hatch and saw a surprised Elite. Fred punched the alien's head twice, crushing the Elite's skull. He pulled out the Elite's carcass and hopped in the tank. Will did the same with the other Wraith.

With the combined force of the Wraith tanks and the remaining Marines, the Covenant invaders were all killed. Linda, Fred, and Will piled the dead Covenant bodies to use as cover for another attack. Suddenly, a gruff male voice came on the COM channel.

"This is Fleet Admiral Hood, Spartans, do you read me? Over."

Fred made sure that his team heard what they were saying, "Yes sir, this is Spartan-104, Spartans 045 and 058 are with me as well. Over."

The Spartan heard the Admiral sigh with relief, "Alright, I need you three to head on south to where New Mombasa was. A bunch of Covenant have completely bypassed our defenses just to go down there like before. I need you three to find out what they're doing and stop them."

"Sir? What about the fusion generators?"

"Don't you worry about that. I've already sent a couple of Pelicans to your position carrying reinforcements. I want you to take one of those Pelicans and go find what those Covenant are up to." Fred heard an explosion and frantic voices in the background. "That's an order, son." And the COM channel went dead.

Linda and Will looked at Fred, waiting for orders. "Well, you heard the man, get ready to dust-off. We're going to kill us some Covenant."

20 minutes later, the Spartans were airborne. Fred stood near the open hatch and gazed out over the land rushing beneath him. Linda sat behind him, configuring the sniper rifle she always carried. Across from her sat Will, who was fast asleep.

Suddenly the pilot's voice broke over the COM and interrupted what they Spartans were doing. "Spartans? I have two contacts coming in from behind. I think they're Banshees, but need confirmation, over."

Fred looked up and saw two small dots approaching the Pelican dropship. Suddenly, the two dots had wings and the telltale purple armor of a Banshee appeared. The antigravity pods of the aptly named Banshees screamed as the aircraft accelerated toward the Pelican.

"Roger that, sir, they're Banshees, and coming in fast." Fred replied.

"Alright, I'm closing the troop bay door, I can't let those bastards have a straight shot into my cockpit. Strap in, Spartans, it's gonna be a bumpy ride."

Fred turned around and took a seat next to Will, who was already awake and alert. The troop bay door slid down with a _thud._ The two Banshees opened fire with their plasma weapons and scarred the armor of the Pelican. The Spartans shifted in their seats as the pilot engaged evasive maneuvers. Sweat dripped down the pilot's face as the man tried as hard as he could to dodge the incoming plasma fire. The ship rumbled as it took one of the Banshees fired its fuel rod cannons and one of the Pelican's wings took a direct hit.

Fred felt helpless as the dropship took another hit. The Spartan hated the fact that he could die by an unbeatable enemy as much as he hated the Covenant itself. Fred looked at his fellow Spartans. Will sat next to him, looking at the floor. Fred reassuringly touched Will's shoulder and gave a tiny nod. Even though the gesture wasn't much, it spoke volumes and calmed Will down. Linda sat leaned over, staring at the troop bay door, as if she could see right through it.

A panicked voice came on the COM channel, "The ship's engines are hit, and we're losing altitude. Brace yourselves!" Fred looked into the cockpit and saw the pilot grappling for control of the Pelican. The dropship went into a steep dive as its engines failed. The Pelican hit the ground nose first. Plumes of dirt shot up as the dropship slowed and stopped. Fred snapped back and forth in his harness as the Pelican nosed into the ground. His head hit the back of his helmet and Fred blacked out.

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Please read and review... or else you may wake up and find an Elite in your face.

3. Chapter 3

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>Disclaimer: I don't own Halo(I have the games though), just this story.<p><p>**

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>Time Unknown, November 2, 2552. Forerunner Ship, Sol System, above planet Earth.<p><p>**

Master Chief John-117 sighed after the COM channel went dead. The Spartan looked around the spacious docking bay and saw a door at the far end. John instinctively reached for his BR55 Battle Rifle that was usually slung behind his shoulder and felt nothing. He suddenly remembered that he had left behind all his weapons before jumping into the conduit connecting High Charity to the Forerunner Ship.

John popped a stim pack and felt it flow through his veins. The Spartan examined the docking bay and found some of the Covenant purple gun crates lined up near the door. John pried open one of the gun crates and found two pairs of Needlers and Plasma Rifles. The Master Chief frowned as he took one of each of the weapons. The Spartan preferred to have good old standard-issue UNSC weaponry, but the Covenant weapons would have to do. He clipped the Plasma Rifle to his belt and walked to the only door.

The silvery door pulsed green and silently opened as John neared it. Needler at the ready, the Spartan cautiously walked through the door and found himself in an empty hallway with a single door at the other end. The Master Chief had no choice but to approach the door and watch it open. Surprised at the lack of resistance, John only found a small circular room with a control panel in the middle. He slowly walked up to it and saw strange, Aztec-like symbols that were frustratingly familiar. Without thinking, John pressed one of them and felt himself being pulled upwards. He realized that it was a gravity lift, although without any of the purple ambient lighting that the Covenant gravity lifts had.

Two small red blobs appeared on the Master Chief's motion detector and his muscles tensed, ready to fight. The hatch above him opened with a hiss and the Spartan landed on the next floor. John came face-to-face with a Grunt and opened fire. The pink, crystalline needles impaled the diminutive alien and exploded, spilling its bluish blood on the floor. The other Grunt who was standing next to its dead friend, yelled in fright and starting running away. John put five of the razor-sharp needles into the Grunt's back, which concealed its methane tank, and ruptured it. The Grunt toppled over, clutching its throat, gasping for the precious methane which kept it alive. The Spartan aimed the Needler at the alien's head and ended its misery.

John reloaded the alien weapon and stood tense, ready for action. Silence hung in the air, and no enemies came through the only door. The Spartan allowed himself to relax a fraction and he slowly approached the door. The silvery doors opened without a sound and revealed a large atrium with massive columns embedded with Forerunner symbols. The room was roughly rectangular and the columns formed a square around an empty area. A large dome with a flat surface on top lay in the middle, and many doors decorated the walls. John saw a pair of Brutes patrolling the area, and he silently slid back into the room. The Spartan realized that he didn't know where to go, and he suddenly missed the quirky AI, Cortana. Although annoying at times, Cortana always provided a way for him, and proved very useful. He briefly wondered what she was doing, but snapped back to the present. He had a mission to accomplish.

John stepped out of the door and ran to the nearest column. The two Brutes on patrol were at the other side of the room. The Spartan planned to take them out and go to the center and find out what that dome was. He lifted the Needler, took aim, waited a heartbeat, and fired at the Brutes. The two gorilla-like aliens rolled out of the way of the pink projectiles and returned fire. John turned behind the column, and saw the green energy beams of a Carbine flash by. The Spartan was about to reload the Needler when he heard the booms of a Brute Shot firing. The nearest column was too far away and the Master Chief couldn't make it in time. He braced himself and heard four explosions directly behind him. John opened his eyes, surprised. There was no vibration when the grenades impacted the column he was leaning against. He quickly reloaded the alien weapon and rolled out of cover, firing the crystalline needles at the two Brutes. Both of the aliens took cover behind the nearest column and the pink needles flew by harmlessly. John primed a plasma grenade, waited one second, and lobbed it. The glowing blue plasma grenade arched down toward the column that the two Brutes were taking cover behind. One Brute turned out of cover, its Brute Shot leveled at the Spartan, and the grenade landed directly on the ugly alien's face. The plasma grenade adhered

to the Brute's face and vaporized it in a flash of deadly plasma. Its partner yelled in rage, dropped its weapon, and charged towards John. The Master Chief dropped the spent Needler and unclipped the Plasma Rifle from his belt. He pointed it at the Brute and opened fire. Plasma stuttered out from the rifle and struck the charging Brute straight in the chest. The monstrous alien growled in pain, but kept lumbering forward, intent on taking its enemy out. One of the blue bolts caught the Brute in the face, and it fell backwards, clawing at the air. Its body twitched once, and ceased. John cautiously walked toward the alien and fired once at its face, making sure it was dead. He picked up the dropped Carbine and policed the ammo from the Brute's dead body. Suddenly, a door to his right opened, and a swarm of Jackals carrying golden shields stepped out.

John's shield shimmered as he was hit by the Jackal's Plasma Pistols. The Spartan rolled to his right and fired the Carbine, aiming at the unprotected legs of the vulture-like aliens. The green energy projectiles tore through the Jackals' legs and they fell. John primed a plasma grenade and threw it directly in the middle of the group. The Jackals couldn't do a thing as the grenade exploded and engulfed them in a fiery blaze of blue plasma.

The Master Chief looked around, blood and adrenaline pumping through his body, waiting for more enemies to kill. He decided not to wait for reinforcements and ran over to the mutilated corpses of the Jackals. He found an arm shield generator, made sure it worked, and clipped it to his arm. The Master Chief reloaded the Carbine and walked up to the dome in the middle of the room. He stepped onto the platform in the middle and a control panel filled with Forerunner symbols appeared in front of him. The multi-colored Aztec-like symbols seemed tantalizingly familiar and John pressed one. Golden bands of light enveloped him and he felt the dizzying sensation of warping.

The Prophet of Truth sat in his hovering throne, staring out of the view screens, impatient. He had to get to the Forerunner construct called "the Ark." He looked around at the five brutes around him; two who were piloting the ship, the other three were Honor Guards standing below guarding the entrance to the bridge. The Prophet marveled at the Forerunner technology. The control center of the ship was a hovering platform connected to a bridge below by a gravity lift, all inside of a massive sphere deep in the center of the Forerunner Ship. The Prophet looked up at the wall of the sphere in front of him where the central view screen was, the surface of the human planet, "Earth" was coming into closer view. Suddenly, he heard the surprised grunt of a Brute and turned around. In a swivel of golden light on the slipspace teleportation pad, the only entrance, the Demon appeared.

John fell in a heap on the black pad, the golden lights fading from his vision. He wanted to throw up; the teleportation process felt like his stomach was ripped out from his body, mixed around, and randomly stuffed back in. He put away his feelings of nausea and looked up, an Honor Guard Brute, or in fact, three, were aiming their Brute Shots at him.

The Master Chief dove forward and three of the high-velocity Brute Shot grenades exploded behind him. The force from the explosion threw him even further and drained his shields by half. The Master Chief rolled to his feet, Carbine instantly aimed at the nearest Brute's

head. He fired off three shots, two which tore through its tiny brain, while the other pierced its right eye. The massive alien howled in pain and fell backwards, dead. The next nearest Brute ran up to John and planned to hit him with the razor-sharp bayonet attached to the Brute Shot. John reacted and emptied the rest of the clip into the Brute's chest. The gorilla-like alien howled in pain and gave the Master Chief the time he needed. The Spartan leaped forward and tackled the Brute, knocking it down. The third Honor Guard was tracking the green-armored alien and fired three grenades. John heard the grenades, turned on the arm shield generator, and dove to the side. Two of the grenades impacted where he had been a second before, right where the other Brute lay on the ground. The Brute laying on the ground didn't even have time to scream before it was torn to pieces by the high-velocity grenades, killed by friendly fire. The Spartan was hit by the last grenade and the arm shield exploded, throwing him back a few meters. The Master Chief got up, switched to his Plasma Rifle and shot full-auto. The plasma weapon whined as it discharged deadly lances of blue energy. The Plasma Rifle overheated and John dropped it, his radiation counter almost at dangerous levels. The Brute, however, still stood, with patches of fur melted and seeped with blood. It growled, but then suddenly stopped, and fell forward, dead.

John was grateful for the sudden death of the massive alien, he took a quick moment to reload his Carbine and watch his shield fully charge. The Spartan ran to the gravity lift and felt himself slowly ascend. The Prophet of Truth heard the fighting below and decided to take actions into his own hands. The Prophet turned to the control panels and overloaded the engines, planning to take the Demon with him. The Master Chief landed on the floating platform, Carbine trained on the Prophet's head, while the other two Brutes stood, weaponless. John was about to say something when the whole ship rumbled and he fell to the deck, one of the Brutes lost his balance and fell off of the platform, where the ground below waited for his death. The other Brute was about to attack when two Carbine rounds pierced its head. The Master Chief had gotten back up and stepped closer to the Prophet, Carbine at the ready.

"Ahh, the Demon, or this 'Master Chief' that your own race calls you." The Prophet's voice filtered in from John's internal speakers. "You and your incompetent race will never survive our holy onslaught, and to think that the Forerunners favored such an inferior race!"

The Master Chief was puzzled and jabbed his gun at the Prophet. "What do you mean?" The ship rumbled again and the Prophet of Truth drew a Plasma Pistol that was concealed under his robe and pointed it at the Master Chief. The Master Chief had no chance but to jump forward and snap the Prophet's neck. Truth's body lay limp, still hovering in his throne.

The engines overloaded and exploded, shaking the whole ship and sending it to the surface of the Earth. John looked around, emergency klaxons blared and he saw from the view screens that the ship was plummeting towards the surface. He wrapped his arm around the railing of the platform and locked his arm controls. The Spartan looked toward the central view screen and braced for impact. The Forerunner Ship shuddered and its hull rippled with stress as it collided with the ground. John felt the vibrations as the ship crashed and the whole control room went dark.

End
file.